

Falcon Down!

by Warrior of Ice and Shadow

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Summary: This is essentially hard drop between conflicts by Wing-Broker. The only addition is my own Spartan OC. Same ending, probably, but different results of it. Enjoy, rated M for possible sexual themes, and profanity.

Falcon Down!

**AN: I don't own the original storyline of Halo/Transformers/or the story I brought this forth from. I may actually end up helping the author with Hard Drop Between Conflicts with his story by doing this, so I hope he doesn't mind to much. Thank you!**

Chapter One

"Spartan-bravo-two-seven-three, Rayne. I have a mission for you." Rayne's Commanding Officer was standing in the doorway of Rayne's quarters. He was tall, for a non-augmented human, about six foot three, two hundred-some pounds. His black, close-cropped, military hairstyle would look severe on anyone else, but it fit his entire image. Not surprising, seeing as Commander Jackson can lift a fully-armored S_partan_ and throw them, Rayne thought, snapping to attention and saluting. "All ears, sir!"

"You are to take the Pelican that was modified a week and seven minutes ago for Slipspace travel and take the supplies in the motor pool roughly three hundred feet to it's right to Earth," he said calmly. "At ease, soldier."

"Yes, sir." Rayne dropped her salute. "Permission to speak, sir."

"Granted."

"May I ask why a Spartan is being sent, sir?" Rayne asked.

"It was a HIGHCOM directive, Lieutenant. The orders are classified to

anyone but the ONI spooks." Commander Jackson sighed softly. "I don't know why they're sending a Spartan, let alone the best one I've trained by far, but I have faith that you'll complete the mission."

"Thank you, sir. I will not let you down." Rayne grabbed her helmet, which was resting on the metal table to her left, and saluted once she had it.

Commander Jackson saluted back. "Carry on, and good luck."

Rayne dropped her salute, then donned her helmet, and grabbed her gear, the ODST Magnum, her modified DMR, which was internally silenced, the Assault Rifle nearby, and attached a Trauma Kit to her left thigh, before checking the rest of her armor as Commander Jackson walked away, back down the corridor.

"ODST pauldrons," Rayne muttered back in her room, "Tactical/Recon chestplate, FJ/PARA knee guards, Recon UA/HUL[3] helmet..." She attached a Tactical/TacPad to her left forearm, and nodded slightly, happy with her armor, before walking out into the corridor as well, her armored boots making soft clanging noises on the metal sheathing of the deck, walking out to the central landing pad where the modified Pelican was resting, and she smiled slightly at the bird. "Just you and me, Falcon," she said softly, not loud enough for her helmet's microphone to pick it up. "For the long haul." She patted the bird on the side of the cockpit, before turning towards wear all the ammunition and weapons crates were, and started loading the Falcon.

Six pallets of eight small crates later, as well as eight separate small crates later, and she was warming up the Falcon. A comm link pinged softly, letting her know that someone was attempting to talk to her outside of her bird. She opened her end of the link.

_Spartan-bravo-_two-seven-three, Lieutenant Rayne,
speaking._-

Lieutenant, this is Commander Jackson. Godspeed, and we'll deal with the Covenant. You get this cargo to where it needs to go, soldier. Am I understood?-

Sir, yes sir. Godspeed and good luck, sir. With that, she cut the connection and finished preflight checks. She slowly started to increase thruster burn until she had enough height to activate the main engines, which rocketed her out of atmosphere insanely quickly. She turned to the navigation computer, and input the space-time coordinates for Earth, as well as started the FTL drive's charge. She added a directive that would fire the drive when it reached maximum capacity, and settled into the pilot's seat to wait for her journey to be over.

August 20, 2552, 0200

Unknown location, enroute to Earth

Rayne jerked awake when something slammed into the Falcon, slamming her into the side of the cockpit, and making her glad that she'd had the glass of the cockpit strengthened to keep it from shattering, but cursed when she realized that her bird had been knocked out of FTL, and back into subspace. She saw a planet ahead of her, and noted the

problems with control she was having with the Falcon in question, and muttered a soft sentence filled with curse words, wrestling control back so she could set the Falcon down with a minimum of damage. She chuckled softly. "You've become my baby, Falcon..." she said softly, patting the bird gently.

She entered atmosphere, and lost control. Had she looked left, she would have seen another Pelican that had been modified similarly to hers, but she was too occupied keeping her bird somewhat stable to notice. She cursed, and let go of the controls, sprinting back through the Falcon's cargo and personnel space, shoving everything out of the Falcon, before diving out of the cargo area herself, freefalling or several minutes, watching the ground get closer. This is gonna hurt, she thought to herself right before slamming into the ground at what should have been terminal velocity and blacking out.

The two Spartan pilots groaned almost in unison in two separate Spartan Crater 2.0s, their armor grinding slightly as they pushed themselves up into a relatively sitting position, before checking their gear and looking around, collecting the military hardware they'd dropped. The Spartan-IV piloting the Pelican opened a comm channel on a basic frequency that all MJOLNIR suits were designed to automatically open to if there is a transmission. This is Sierra-alpha-two-three-five-seven to any UNSC unit in the area, can anyone read me?—

Rayne's hand darted to her helmet. Roger, Sierra-Alpha-two-three-five-seven, I read you. This is Spartan-Alpha-two-five-seven, Lieutenant within the UNSC, she replied quickly. Requesting your name and coordinates, Sierra-Alpha-two-three-five-seven.—

Thank God, replied the Spartan-IV, before sending her his coordinates. I am Arthur, ma'am.—

Rayne. It's good to know another Spartan is here, she sighed with a chuckle. Enroute to your location.—

She got to her armored feet, and jogged towards Arthur's location, moving only as fast as another Spartan could keep up with, and soon came in sight of the black and white armored Spartan-IV. She didn't bother asking questions, since her own armor was clearly the Spartan-III variation of the MJOLNIR armor. Whatever his armor was, she recognized it as MJOLNIR, probably that GEN2 stuff that she'd spotted on several separate cyber networks for a CLASS-IV of the Spartan Program. By the time she arrived, both their HUDs had come online, with various navigation points for their respective cargos. She nodded to Arthur, her black and gold armor glinting slightly on the gold, as his gleamed on the white. We have cargo to collect. Let's get to it. Neither of them had to voice their unease, they could see it on the other. Someone or something was watching them, and they both nodded slightly to each other, and watched their motion sensors cautiously as they sprinted to the nearest nav. point. They both spotted the retro-looking motorcycle, and shared a look, before examining it carefully, noting the female rider and the strange reading the bike was giving off, with no reading whatsoever from the rider. If that bike comes closer, play along until we determine otherwise, decided Rayne, glancing back at Arthur, who nodded.

There she, Arcee, was, a member of an advanced robotic race that tried to live in harmony with the inhabitants of Earth, sent to the middle of nowhere in the rural part of Europe looking for something they didn't even know what it looked like just because a weird energy reading had been detected for just a few seconds and suddenly disappeared. -_Are we sure there was a reading? It could've been another sensor malfunction,-_ she commed her fellow Autobots and human allies.

-_That could be the case, but Optimus was the one who gave the order to investigate the site and that's why we're here,-_ replied Ratchet, the team's medic.

-_Better to be safe than sorry,- _quoted Bumblebee, the team's scout.

-_Well the Pentagon also got that weird energy reading, scared them enough that they started to act almost like a beehive,-_ said Captain William Lennox.

-_Now it's like we're their personal paranormal gophers,-_ Robert Epps interjected irritably.

-_Agreed,-_ said Ironhide, the weapons specialist, flatly.

-_Just hope it ain't cons, do we have any information on the reading?-_ asked Arcee.

-_Before we left, I heard Wheeljack start talking about weird stuff... Something about a rupture in time and space, or some such mumbo jumbo,-_ answered Ironhide boredly. -_He looked really excited about finding the cause of this weird 'rumpture' thingy.-_

-_Wait a second,-_ Arcee said. -_Just got some weird signals, they're weak. Cant pinpoint the location exactly.-_

-_Got it,-_ Lennox responded. -_LET'S MOVE, PEOPLE! Back in the vehicles! Let's go see what Arcee has found!-_ he snapped to the recon team. -_Arcee, you check the closest signal, Bumblebee, go check the others.-_

-_Roger-_ Arcee answered, speeding towards the closest area of the readings.

-_Aye aye, Captain!-_ quoted Bumblebee.

After a few minutes of speeding across the green fields, she saw a pair of blurry figures in the distance. After a few seconds, she commed the team. -_Arcee to team, I found a pair of humans in the target area, looks like they're wearing some sort of weird armor, can't say more until I get closer, but they definitely don't look local.-_

-_Roger, Arcee. Team, remember to maintain our cover, we don't want to have problems with the spooks.-_ Lennox ordered the bots and humans in the team. All of them acknowledged the order as Arcee approached the humans.

Well, she wasn't sure if she could call them that anymore because

they were bigger than any other human she'd ever seen, looked stronger too, and it wore an armor that looked too advanced compared to what she'd seen the humans wear. Nevertheless, she still got closer to the behemoth-sized figures and slowed down as they were slowing down as well. She made her holo-form get off her alt-form to maintain her cover as it walked a few steps away. The behemoths just stood still, looking at the holoform as if waiting for an input of some kind.

"Hello," said the holoform.

"Ma'am," both figures answered simultaneously, nodding their heads.

Good, they speak English, and by the tone of voice, one's male, the other female. Thought the femme. "I have a few things I need to ask, if you don't mind," the holoform asked.

"I will try to answer them, but we also have a few things we need to ask ourselves," answered the one in black and gold armor. The femme pinpointed her as female, which meant the one with black and white was the male.

In the meantime, Arcee sent what she'd found to the rest of the team in a tight beam, sending the data package in almost a heartbeat.

"Okay, first tell me... What are you, and what are you doing here?" Both behemoths seemed to freeze for a second, the slight lack of motion visible to Arcee's sensors, almost as if they were trying to find the right answer to the question.

"We are Spartans of the UNSC, we ended up here after being forced to eject from our ships after losing control. We're currently trying to contact any UNSC force. Do you know the location of an outpost or base?" Straight to the point, Arcee saw, looked like they were military, but UNSC? Two ships? Spartans?

"What are you talking about?" her holoform asked.

For a very brief moment, both behemoths looked as if surprised and confused, but quickly went back to their neutral stance, before the black and white Spartan asked, "United Nations Space Command? Never heard of it? Which planet is this?"

The black and gold Spartan touched the black and white Spartan, making his head snap towards her, as she raised a finger to the holoform to signal 'one minute.'

Arthur, I just hacked into the primitive satellite system this planet has. Rayne's voice was flat and to the point.

-Do you know where we are, Rayne?- _Arthur asked.

--Yes, but I also know when we are.-_ At his confused look, she elaborated. -I'm from Reach, the year 2552. I don't know when or where you're from, but we're here, on Earth, in the year 2012. That is where we are in the Time-Space. Of this universe, anyway.-_

_ -But, how?-_ stammered Arthur, shocked and confused.

Rayne gave a heavy sigh that was clearly audible to Arthur. I don't know, Arthur. I don't know. But whatever that bike is, it's giving my sensors a hell of a reading. I knew that that girl didn't have one, but I wasn't sure until it got off the bike.

Arcee watched the apparently silent conversation between the two Spartans, when the ground suddenly started shaking, alerting both Spartans, who cursed audibly. "Damn!" They cursed simultaneously, leaping a few meters back, the female pulling a strange rifle off her back, and pointing it at the giant robot that had just lunged out of the ground as the male Spartan dashed around it, shoving the holoform off to the side, covering the distance in a second as the female unleashed a hail of armor-piercing rounds at the optics and face, before snapping her rifle back to her backplate, and lunging forward, pinning the arm assemblies and snarling to her partner. "Kill it!"

The male darted forward, his right hand pulled back in a fist and punched clean through the robot, grabbing a strange power supply, crushing it, before ripping his hand back out of the robot, which went limp as soon as the power supply was crushed.

While the two Spartans crushed the 'con between them, Arcee's sensors were still working on solving what had just happened; a pair of humans had single-handedly taken out a Decepticon in the time-space of just a few seconds.

A few seconds ago, she had been talking to what looked like a pair of up-sized humans in armor, until the ground shook, and both sprang backwards with the reaction time similar to that of an Autobot just as the scorpion-like Decepticon came lunging out of the earth that had been beneath them. Another Decepticon came flying out of the sky, a Seeker, and transformed, flying at the female Spartan with the clear intent to harm or kill her. Suddenly, the rifle that she just noticed was in the female's hands, pointed up at the Seeker, and unleashed a hail of armor-piercing bullets at it, tearing the wings off the Seeker and forcing it into bipedal mode, crashing into the ground with a very loud boom that shook the ground as the male darted between Arcee's holoform, shoving it out of the way in the process, and the scorpion-shaped Decepticon as the female snapped her rifle to her back again, drew a very long combat knife, and lunged into the dust cloud caused by the Seeker.

Arthur turned, facing the Decepticon as his Spartan Laser finished gathering energy, and discharged directly through the center of the scorpion-shaped Decepticon, incinerating the spark chamber of it, as the dust cloud around the female and the Seeker settled enough that Arcee could see the aftermath of that fight, and promptly had to fight back the urge to gag. Seeker parts were strewn everywhere, and the still-intact, somehow, spark chamber was in her gauntleted hand. As if the female Spartan knew that Arcee was watching, she deliberately crushed the spark chamber with one hand.

As Arcee's processors worked on solving what she'd just seen, she commed the team as the male walked over to her holoform, which appeared unconscious on the ground a few meters away.

-Arcee to team, you're not gonna believe what I just witnessed,- she reported.

-_ 'cons?_- asked Ironhide, matter-of-factly as Epps laughed somewhere close.

-_ That too, two of them, but that's not the surprise. The thing is, __they're__ dead, and it wasn't me who killed __them__,_- she said, catching the attention of everyone on the team listening to the comm. After a dramatic silence, she reported the fact, -_I've just witnessed __one of them__ be killed, but that's not the best part, it was a pair of humans, and they managed to single-handedly kill a scorpion-shaped Decepticon __and a Seeker__ in the time-space of just a few seconds. __I saw the aftermath of the fight between the female and the Seeker. There were parts everywhere, the spark chamber in her hand, and as though she knew I was watching, she crushed the chamber with her hand._- Silence took over the comm.

The Spartans were busy examining the remains of the male's not so happy enemy as the comm burst with the massive number of people.

-_*Cough* Excuse me?_- shouted Lennox on the comm, the others saying things like, -_You've gotta be kidding!_- or -_There's no fucking way!_- or even the infamous -_What the fuck!_- quoted by Bumblebee.

After a few seconds, Lennox spoke again. -_Arcee, can you confirm what you just said?_- he asked after he had managed to get his breath. If she hadn't been in her alt-form, she would have rolled her optics as she said, -_I said a pair of humans were attacked by a pair of Decepticons, one scorpion-shaped, the other a Seeker, and they single-handedly killed their opponents. The femme was the one who tore her opponent apart._-

_ -Okay, Arcee don't lose sight of them until we get there, hell if they can single-handedly kill a pair of Decepticons, I want to know who/what they are, and how the hell they did it._- commed Lennox a few seconds later, adding, -_Ironhide, lock onto Arcee's position and get us there ASAP, Ratchet, you're with us, I want to bring as many bodies to reinforce Arcee as possible._-

_ -What?-_ responded Ironhide in a tone as if the mech was expecting something more to what Lennox had said.

Lennox in question sighed, and added -_Please?-_

_ -Much better, on my way now,-_ replied Ironhide, then the comm went silent.

Meanwhile Arcee tried to look for the Spartans, sure enough, they were there, only the male was checking for a pulse in her holoform, which definitely wasn't good. _Slag!_ she cursed.

End
file.